### A Joke That Has Gone Far Enough.

Under existing conditions expert testimony in criminal trials is to be regarded, according to the point of view, as a farce or a tragedy. The expert witness presents us the humiliating spectacle of the alleged scientist turned advocate, mountebank and trickster. He appears as a professed partisan—for hire. He hides his true opinions behind equivocal or evasive answers—for a consideration. He expresses by implication views he does not really hold—that he may seem to earn his fee. In a word, he sacrifices his mistress, Science, at the shrine of Mammon.

At all events, he is openly accused of all of this and much more in kind. He is railed at, scoffed at, jeered. The most charitable of popular opinions as to his character seems to be that which regards him as an unmitigated joke. And meantime he is placed in such a position that it is impossible for him to defend himself against these allegations. He may be a true scientist, learned, honest, conscientious, but under existing methods he cannot prove that he is such. The populace will judge him by his company, and as matters stand some portions of his company are pretty certain to be bad. Whatever his real character, the fate of poor Tray awaits him.

The spirit of the law is said to be common sense. But its letter has certainly permitted a wide departure from this alleged standard. The attempt to add to the communal weal by utilizing the knowledge of experts has culminated in something not far removed from total failure. What should be a most serious function has passed into a joke, and by common consent the joke has gone far enough.—Dr. Henry Smith Williams in North American Review.

### Grant and Meade.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, after speaking of General Meade's estimate of General Grant as follows: "I am fully aware that some embarrassments arise from the present organization, but the evil is more weight on the other side of the question. I am commanding all the armies, and I cannot neglect others by giving my time exclusively to the Army of the Potomac, which would involve performing all the detailed duties of an army commander, directing its administration, enforcing discipline, reviewing its court martial proceedings, etc. I have Burnside's, Butler's and Sigel's armies to look after in Virginia, to say nothing of our western armies, and I may make Sheridan's cavalry a separate command. Besides, Meade has served a long time with the Army of the Potomac, knows its subordinate officers thoroughly and led it to a memorable victory at Gettysburg. I have just come from the west, and if I removed a deserving eastern man from the position of army commander my motives might be misunderstood and the effect be bad upon the spirits of the troops. General Meade and I are in close contact on the field. He is capable and perfectly subordinate, and by attending to the details he relieves me of much unnecessary work and gives me more time to think and to mature my general plans.

"I will always see that he gets full credit for what he does." This was a broad view of the situation, and one to which the general mainly adhered throughout the war, but after that day he gave a closer personal direction in battle to the movements of subdivisions of the armies.

### Drop Nickels For Tickets.

Absentminded people drop many things besides tickets in the boxes presided over by the ticket choppers at the elevated stations. For a man to drop a nickel in is of common occurrence. Often larger coins, and occasionally bills, are deposited. In order to get such things back the forgetful person has to apply the next day at the main office of the company. He cannot even travel on the strength of his overlarge contribution, but must buy a ticket with one of the nickels he has left.

The money dropped in the ticket chopper's box gets mangled in the chopping process and will not always pass current afterward. A bill is likely to get so badly mutilated that it cannot be patched together.

Other things besides money occasionally find their way into the ticket chopper's box with equally damaging results.—New York Sun.

### Wanted a Change.

He was about as black as the traditional ace of spades. And two dusky damsels, each of whom claimed the right to call him husband, sat bolt upright in the courtroom and glared at the defendant.

"Your honor," said the prisoner, "I want to apply for a change of venus in this case."

"On what ground?" inquired the court.

"I want a change of venus," repeated the defendant, "because one of dese women is prejudiced ag'in me."—Troy Times.

### Strategic Points.

Strategic points in military art are such as command communications, whether by rail or river, like Atlanta, in Georgia, and Cairo or Vicksburg, on the Mississippi. The capital, or leading city of a country, is of strategic importance, since its capture causes the general discouragement of the people.

The invention of the purse was doubtless contemporaneous with that of money. The purse is mentioned in Old Testament history as a part of a traveler's outfit. When the disciples, spoken of in the gospels, were sent forth to preach, they were commanded to take neither gold nor silver nor brass in their purses.

Pocketknives are now machine made, the blades being stamped from strips of steel and afterward ground and polished before being fixed in the handle. The assemblying of the different parts of the knife is a matter of hand labor.

### She Deserves a Monument.

A little group of advanced women, girls with strong ideas of the rights of women, believers in their free competition with men and emancipators of the idea that women should be treated with more deference than men, were talking when one of them began:

"Oh, girls, what do you suppose? I bought two men a drink."

"You did?" exclaimed the chorus in admiration.

"I did."

"Not in a saloon, I hope?" anxiously inquired one who was not as advanced as the rest.

"No; of course not. It was in a drug store."

"Oh, do tell us all about it!"

"You see, I was walking along the street with two men, when one of them suggested that we go in a drug store and get a drink. I made up my mind that I would not go in a drug store and let any man buy me soda water. I determined that I should insist upon my rights as a woman and buy the drinks. So I said I would go if they would let me pay for it."

"You brave girl!"

"They treated it as a joke at first. The very idea! But I told them my principles, and finally they agreed, although the mean things laughed. Then we went in. You don't know how afraid I was that they would pay for the drinks anyhow. But I was too quick. When the clerk laid down the check I just grabbed it, and I wouldn't give it up. And when we went out I reached the door first and laid down just the quarter for the drinks. The other second sacrificed himself heroically. But I actually got a dollar and a quarter from two men. What do you think of that?"

"Why, I think it's perfectly horrid," declared the girl who was the first to recover her breath. "I never heard of such a thing in all my life."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### His Awful Break.

The fashionable Boston girl is upon the platform, and a most fetching picture she makes, too, in her costume of hue. He was one of Cleveland's most aristocratic young men and as handsome as a Greek god.

After they had been introduced they strolled away from the crowd, and he told her about his sisters and his mother, who were in Europe, and how nice Montgomery suddenly realized that the flame of love was beginning to flicker in her breast.

She talked vivaciously of her days at Wellesley and of her explorations in the rich mines of Sanskrit and of her investigations of the Mahatmas and the occult flapdoodles of the far east.

Then he told her about his horses and his rubber lined traps, and they gazed into each other's eyes and sighed a lot of long drawn sighs and were beginning to feel that they had passed through the pearly gates and were strolling through streets that were paved with gold.

At last Beatrice Montgomery said:

"You have told me about your mother and your sisters being in Europe, but you have said nothing about your father. Is he with them?"

"No," the handsome young man replied after a painful pause; "he is not with them. My mother is a widow woman."

When the doctors had finally succeeded in bringing the fair Boston girl out of her swoon, she waved her hands at Harold Bentley and wildly cried:

"Take that man away!"—Cleveland Leader.

### Digestible Women.

An extraordinary discussion on the subject of cannabalism took place at the recent meeting of the Ethnographical society in Paris. A curious tribute was paid to the superior qualities of woman, but one which she will hardly appreciate.

A member of the society read a paper in which he declared that among savage nations those who were addicted to cannibalism were the most healthy and vigorous. He sought to prove this by descriptions of several races.

This argument was directed partly against vegetarianism, for savages who abstain from eating one another usually have a meager supply of animal food.

The scientist further made the shocking statement that the flesh of women was much more nutritious and digestible than that of men. Many savage tribes recognized this fact and ate only women when the supply was sufficient. In some races, however, the flesh of men, though less palatable than that of women, was preferred because the virtues of the deceased were supposed to pass into the eater.—San Francisco Examiner.

### They Were Ready.

One of the district school trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he called around with the examining board he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building should catch fire.

The teacher was acquainted with his hobby, so she prompted her scholars as to the answer they should give when he arose to propound his accustomed inquiry.

When the board called, however, this particular trustee, perhaps from a desire to emulate his associates in their addresses, rose and said:

"You boys and girls have paid such nice attention to Mr. Jones' remarks, I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech?"

Quick as thought 100 voices piped in unison:

"Form a line and march down stairs."—Detroit Free Press.

### Heard From.

Bacon—Do you remember you prophesied that young Blowman would be heard from when he got a little older?

Egbert—Yes, I believe I do remember saying something like that.

"Well, your words have come true. He's moved next door to me and has taken up the cornet."—Yonkers Statesman.

### Sea Raven and Sculpin.

It is the common habit of fishes, in swallowing other fishes as food, to swallow them head first. The fish's spines and fins smooth down toward the tail, and if the fish were swallowed tail first the spines and fins would spread out and catch in the swallower's throat and choke it, perhaps, to death, as has not infrequently happened.

In a tank at the aquarium is a sea raven 14 or 15 inches long. Like all sea ravens, it has a big head and an enormous mouth for a fish of its size. In the same tank is a sculpin, perhaps a foot long and a little slenderer than the sea raven. The two were lying on the bottom of the tank the other day, the sculpin just ahead of the sea raven and wagging its tail idly in the sea raven's face. Whether the sea raven was incensed by this or the motion simply suggested a chance for a square meal without hunting for it, it would be impossible to determine, but the next time the sculpin's tail came by the sea raven detained it, and then it began to swallow the sculpin tail first.

The sea raven had taken in four-fifths of the sculpin, about all but its head. The sculpin, too, has a great head for a fish of its size, but the sea raven, with its capacious mouth, would have got it down all right and swallowed the entire fish but for the short, stout spines that the sculpin has, one on each side of its head. These now spread out and settled in the corners of the sea raven's jaws. It was like spreading a stick across the mouth of a pit. It was quite impossible for the sea raven to swallow the sculpin any farther. In fact, its only desire now was to get rid of it, and, helping itself a little with some slight wrigglings, the sculpin was soon free again and swimming about.—New York Sun.

### A Linguistic Training.

One of the most valuable kinds of training which the college can give is the linguistic. If to think is important, linguistic training is important. For we think in words. Therefore thinking becomes clear, orderly, profound, as language is adequate. Language represents those methods and results of thought without which thought itself is feeble and inefficient. Therefore training in language is of the highest value. To be able to think in or adequately use the English or any other language one should know the language as he knows only know this language as he knows those languages which have made the richest contributions to its structure. Every new science and every new application of any old science goes to the Greek for its very name; hence, a training in Latin and Greek is of the greatest worth. The college is not filling the mind with useless knowledge in requiring students to learn these, not dead, but living languages.

Second, the scientific school is a professional school. Its graduate goes from its commencement, as goes the graduate of the school of law, theology or medicine, directly to his life's work. It is not a school of liberal culture or of general training. It is to be said, and said with the utmost clearness, that the governors of our best technical and scientific schools are beginning to recognize the advantages which the man desiring to enter these schools possesses if he has previously received a general training through the college.—Forum.

### Hidden by Their Colors.

To understand the value of what scientific men call protective coloration in animals one need only look at the common ruffed grouse, or partridge, of North America and consider how hard it is to see him in the woods, even where nothing intervenes to hide him from view. His colors agree so well with the background against which he stands that the eye is slow to make him out.

Mr. Gregory, in his recent volume of Afghan travel, "The Great Rift Valley," mentions several striking instances of animals thus protected, among which that of a certain monkey, Colobus occidentalis, is perhaps the most peculiar. This monkey is covered with a long, silky fur, arranged in alternate stripes of black and white, so handsome that the skin is much prized by the natives for making head ornaments.

The contrast of black and white is so marked that at first sight it would seem to preclude concealment, but its value is at once evident when the animal is seen at home. It lives in high forests, where the trees have black trunks and branches, draped with long gray masses of beard moss or lichen. As the monkeys hang from the branches they resemble the lichen so closely that Mr. Gregory found it impossible to recognize them, even at a short distance.

### Prospective Coercion.

"I think," said the fond mother, "that I will have the baby's picture taken."

"How old is she?" inquired the crabbed bachelor.

"Eleven months."

"I think," said the crabbed bachelor, "that it would be a first rate idea to have her picture taken without delay. Then, when she grows older, if she doesn't obey you, you can threaten to show it to her friends."—Washington Star.

### The Datura.

The datura, varieties of which are commonly known as the Jamestown weed, or more familiarly the jimson weed, the thorn apple, an allusion to the shape of the seed case and its spines and the devil's trumpet, recalling its shape and villainous odor, retains its name almost unchanged from the Arabic.

Experts have come to the conclusion that what kills trees in London is not the soot flakes or the want of air or the drought, but the sewer gas, which attacks the roots so that the tree soon withers and dies.

The lad who accidentally sat down on a redhot stove pensively remarked that he was reminded of the retreating general who burned his bridges behind him.


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being twisted up in knots. I was unable to dress myself, except with assistance, and could only hobble about by using a cane. I had no appetite, and was assured, by the doctors, that I could not live. The pains, at times, were so awful, that I could procure relief only by means of hypodermic injections of morphine. I had my limbs bandaged in clay, in sulphur, in poultices; but these gave only temporary relief. After trying everything, and suffering the most awful tortures, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Inside of two months, I was able to walk without a cane. In three months, my limbs began to strengthen, and in the course of a year, I was cured. My weight has increased to 165 pounds, and I am now able to do my full day's work as a railroad blacksmith."
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Because it is the oldest established and best advertising medium covering the Town of Bloomfield and Borough of Glen Ridge.
Advertisers should Read the following Points on Advertising by Charles Austin Bates:

The best paper in a community always brings ample returns to its advertisers. The best paper covers the cream of the trade in any section.

Put your ad in the best paper, and then watch the paper and the ad. Have a system of checking the returns received, and be very sure of this much: If the ad doesn't pay, the fault is in the ad or the goods or the store—not in the paper.

I believe that the standing of the paper reflects on the advertisements it carries. There is another thought which never occurred to me, but which was conveyed in a remark recently made to me by an advertising manager. He said: "A sleepy paper gathers a sleepy constituency. An alert, wide-awake, progressive sheet gets readers who like that sort of thing—or lifts them to its level."

The newspaper goes right into its reader's house—goes in and sits down with him. It is on the table when he eats, and in his hands while he is smoking after the meal. It reaches him when he is in an approachable condition.

That's the time to tell him about your business—clearly, plainly, convincingly—as one man talks to another.

The first insertion of an advertisment very seldom pays. That is to say—if you have never advertised before in a certain paper, it will take some little time for its readers to get acquainted with you, and until they do, don't expect much return. There are occasional exceptions, of course, but they are few and far between. It is the systematic, persistent effort that pays in advertising as in everything else. In taking medicine the regularity of the dose is almost as important as the drug itself.

For that reason the columns of the newspaper offer the very best medium for business announcements.

For that reason, programmes and wall hangers and schemes of all sorts, from an industrial write-up of the town to a picture card, are never effective. It may be well enough to indulge in a pretty novelty occasionally, if you are using all the space you need in the papers.

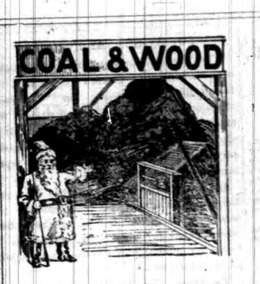
I have been a publisher of programmes and of other "schemes"—I have advertised in them, and in my experience on both sides of the fence I have never heard or known of a single advertisement in a medium(?) of that kind that paid.

The newspaper goes into the house bristling with intelligence, brimful of the news of the world, sparkling with the daily doings of the community. If its advertisers are awake to their opportunities, it contains business news of value to every reader, for it pays to read advertisments.

Save money on your advertising if you can, of course, but save it in the right way. Cut off little leaks—the programmes, the bills of fare, the directories, the wall charts, the pages in "souvenirs." Cut them all off, and and your trade won't ever feel the difference. Cut off the inconsequential papers, if you have to, but always keep your ad in your best papers big enough to do you justice. It is better to convince a few people than to talk to many.

Membership in churches and clubs and societies, the giving of social entertainments, public charity—all these things and more are advertising, but greater and broader and better and easier than all these is newspaper advertising. You may think of that without thinking of the other plans, but no scheme of publicity is complete without the newspaper.

COAL & WOOD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### Poisoning From Honey.

The old saying that every sweet has its bitter might be accentuated by the statement that honey sometimes contains the most active and dangerous poison. A case in point as related in a medical review as follows: A man and his wife ate honey. They took but a little, as they observed a burning sensation of the mouth and throat as soon as the honey was swallowed. Within a few minutes both were taken ill. There were nausea, severe pain and vomiting, then a loss of consciousness, coldness of the extremities, feeble action of the heart and collapse. No pulse could be detected. The wife remained insensible for several hours, but the husband was not entirely restored until the following day. Even then strength returned very slowly, and there was every indication of extreme exhaustion. A portion of the honey was treated chemically, and an extract was given to two cats; to one a small dose and to the other a large dose was administered.

The small one produced partial exhaustion, relaxation of the voluntary muscles and general depression. The large one took effect almost immediately, producing relaxation, vomiting, purging, prostration and almost complete loss of control over the voluntary muscles. The cat did not regain its normal condition for 24 hours.

A fairly thorough examination of the honey was made in order, if possible, to discover the nature of the poisonous element. No positive conclusion was arrived at, but the chemists were reasonably satisfied that the rhododendron and a few other plants of that class contained the objectionable substance. It is also stated that plants belonging to the heath family have been by botanists looked upon with apprehension, for the reason that they have been suspected of harboring the toxic qualities which accounted for the cases of honey poisoning.—New York Ledger.

### with Burgoyne at Saratoga.

In 1791 an officer who had served with Burgoyne wrote a volume, which he called "Travels Through the Interior Parts of America, In a Series of Letters." The writer was Thomas Anburey, captain of the Twenty-ninth regiment, who was with Burgoyne at his surrender. In Macmillan's Magazine there is an excellent review of Captain Anburey's work, and the condition of the English soldiers is thus explained:

Burgoyne's army was steadily diminishing, while the cords round it were surely tightening. All day and night from the surrounding woods whistled the bullets of the American riflemen. The soldiers were so inured to fire, we are told, that they ate and slept under it with scarcely any concern, while, to add terrors to the night, came the dreary howl of wolves, attracted by hundreds to such an unwonted banquet. The American sharpshooters were naturally in their element upon the steep sides of the wooded ravines that formed such a feature in every battle and skirmish. The longed for bayonet hung in idleness from the belts of the British infantry—there was no room or place for it. The soldiers had nothing but the fusee and their native valor to make up for their immense inferiority in the use of the rifle to most of their foes, nor do we require Anburey's testimony to see also what a hopeless country was that in which Burgoyne's army now found themselves for the conduct of warfare upon European systems. For ourselves we have always marveled at the fashion in which the British soldier of the day, half starved and ridiculously clothed, fought his way through superior numbers of his own race who were armed as he, better marksmen, and familiar with the wild woods which to him must have been strange and terrible.

### The "Ears" of Insects.

The naturalists have not as yet been able to answer the burning question: Can bees hear? But their researches along that line have resulted in many queer discoveries. Simply because a bee has no ears on the sides of his head is no sign whatever that he is what is without some sort of an auditory nerve. This last assertion is proved by the fact that grasshoppers, crickets, locusts and flies all have their ears situated in queer places—under the wings, on the middle of the body and even on the sides of their legs. The common house fly does his hearing by means of some little rows of corpuscles which are situated on knobbed threads which occupy the place which are taken up by the hind wings of other species of insects. The garden slug or snail-less snail has his organs of hearing situated on each side of his neck, and the common grasshopper has them on each of his broad, flat thighs. In some of the smaller insects they are on the bases of the wings, and in others on the bottom of the feet.—St. Louis Republic.

### Great Drunkards.

The question as to whether great literary men are ever drunkards must be answered in the affirmative, though argument frequently made to the contrary. Cato was a hard drinker, while, if the language of one writer, old Ben Jonson was constantly "pickled." The poet Burns used to go on the hardest kind of "tears," and Rogers observed, after seeing his own statue, "It is the first time I have seen him stand straight for 20 years." Byron says of Porson, the great classical scholar, "I can never think of him except as drunk or brutal, and usually both;" Keats was on a spree that lasted six months. Horace, Aristophanes, Euripides, Alcaeus, Socrates and Tasso of the old times, and Goethe, Schiller, Addison, Pitt, Fox, Blackstone, Fielding, Sterne and Sheridan were all hard drinkers at times.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### His Mental Burdens.

"Where do we go tonight, Henry?"

"I don't know, Agnes. I've had something awful on my mind all day and can't remember whether it is a play or five cents per yard for flannelette."—Chicago Record.


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